

Curiosity Door by [itmakesyoucrazy](#)

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Summary: Missing moment from 1x07. ONE-SHOT.

Curiosity Door

Adrenaline seemed to overtake Mike as he pedaled Eleven back to his house. Had she not been there, he would've met an impending doom. The thought of near-death frightened him and despite wanting to break down, the simple touch of her hands on his shoulders was more than enough to comfort him.

Now his main goal was to get her home and clean up the dirt smudges and blood off her face. It was the least he could do after she saved his life.

Part of him believed she would come back for him just like she always did but when that dreadful moment of falling off the cliff to protect Dustin fell upon him and he felt his life flash before his very eyes, of course he had doubts but she came through and he was just so grateful for this girl.

By this point, they made it home and he guided her inside. She looked down at the dress she was wearing and cringed at the sight of how caked with mud it was. Mike gave a smile. "It'll wash off, don't worry. For right now, I want to get you all cleaned up. Let's go to the bathroom, okay?" He addressed, taking her hand and walking them towards the designated location. He let her get in first. "I'll be right back, I'm just getting a washcloth," Mike explained before leaving her there to grab one.

He came back shortly after, holding it up so she could see. Eleven gave him a cheerful smile and he reached over to the sink to wet it just enough to get the stains off.

He wringed it out a bit and turned to El. She stood there giving him a blank expression but when he, though carefully, raised the cloth to her cheek and she felt its warmth, she flinched, reeling back.

"Trust me," Mike whispered. El gave him a nod and he once again pressed the cloth to her cheek. While he proceeded to scrub off as much as he could, she absentmindedly gazed into his eyes which he pretended to ignore but ultimately failed. She noticed his adam's apple bob slightly and she furrowed her eyebrows in confusion.

Though she didn't understand, something inside her figured it meant something, whether good or bad. She just shook it off as though it was crazy to think such things.

After one final dab, Mike stepped back and tossed the filthy washcloth to the side, looking back to admire his work and make sure he got it all.

Once he was satisfied, he internally pat himself on the back. "That's better," he said, causing her to take a glance at herself in the mirror.

Immediately out of self-consciousness, she placed a hand on her shaved head and frowned.

"You don't need it," he told her honestly.

Surely I do, El thought. *No. Mike wouldn't lie to me. Friends don't lie.*

"Still pretty?" She asked, hopeful, glancing over at him now. She wanted him to give a legitimate answer and not a last minute change of words like when he was around Dustin and Lucas the other day. It was just the two of them. He could tell the truth.

Sure, looking 'pretty good' wasn't a negative connotation but looking 'pretty' sounded much better and made her feel much better. Especially if Mike said it.

"Yeah!" He blurted out. "Pretty, *really* pretty." El looked back in the mirror and smiled. Mike called her pretty. All was right in the world.

"El?"

She turned back to face him. "Yes?"

He paused briefly. "I-I'm happy you're home," he told her, seeming to have a hard time with his words. Eleven could tell he was anxious but couldn't put a finger on it. Why would he be nervous? Nevertheless, she brushed it off once again.

"Me too," she replied quietly, making sure she smiled to show him she really meant it. She never had a place to truly call home until she met him and he invited her to stay with him. It made her heart jump.

A few seconds of awkward silence went by before something clicked and without any reason, El felt herself begin to take a step forward, slowly leaning in. She had absolutely no idea as to what compelled her to do this but it was like a sudden urge to be closer to Mike filled her senses and when she blatantly noticed how he had no objection to what she was doing, she didn't deem it necessary to resist.

As she got closer, Mike felt his whole body tense up at the realization of what was about to happen. He knew she was unaware of her actions being a less than innocent gesture and should definitely stop her but his notorious eyes flickered to her lips, those perfect, pouty lips and *fuck* he wanted this.

Not another moment passed and her eyes fluttered shut as she pressed her lips softly against his. The pure shock nearly blowing the top of his head off forced his eyes to remain open and dilate like never before. It took every ounce of self-control to keep his jaw locked firmly in place.

Don't do it. Don't kiss her back. If you do, you're done for.

Something like a moan escaped her lips and she pushed herself further into him, her mouth practically slamming into his now and he caved. His eyes rolled back, a soft grunt escaped his throat and his mouth began moving against hers.

An arm crept around her waist to pull her closer and just when he was making an attempt to deepen the kiss, she pulled back abruptly.

She appeared shocked, her eyes wide and wild. Mike shared a similar facial expression, along with a mild swelling of his lips which were as red as a tomato and his already pale face flushing to a near translucent color.

They were breathing quite heavy and judging by the way he was looking at her, El shoved down any insecurities she may have had about what just happened and smiled, wider than she normally did. Mike, who was in la la land, returned the smile sheepishly.

He didn't dare to speak. As if he could. He was so struck by her, the kiss still tingling his lips and a raging fire burst in his loins.

El's mouth opened and closed a few times as she too was rendered speechless until she could form a coherent thought. "Wow. What did I do?" She gasped.

Mike gulped. "Y-You kissed me, El." She quirked an eyebrow at him. "Kissed?"

"Yeah. I don't know where you got that from but damn," he scoffed. "I still shouldn't have let it get that heated. You didn't know what you were doing. I'm s-"

"You didn't like it?" She deadpanned, cutting his words off.

Mike shook his head furiously. "No, no! I did. I-I really liked it. Just wasn't expecting it."

El bit her lip and averted her eyes, looking down to the floor shyly. "Me neither."

He grinned at her and she reciprocated. "Um, do you think we could do that more?"

Mike's eyes widened comically large. "Oh, um, o-okay," he croaked. "If that's okay with you."

"It is," she nodded, putting a hand on his chest. He was on fire again, sparks exploding everywhere.

A defeated sigh pushed past his lips as he dropped his forehead to hers and unabashedly claimed her lips once more, a peck this time.

They smiled in unison when he pulled back and he raised a hand to her cheek. "I'm not sure if we should continue this. I don't want to go too far and we should probably see what Dustin is up to, he concluded, trying to avoid hurting her feelings and preparing himself for the possibility of her defiant protest.

"Okay," she agreed and he almost huffed in relief. Thank God she didn't notice the problem he was having right now.

They walked hand-in-hand out into the living room, overly excited to tell Dustin about their encounter.